

W. P. WALTON.

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

T. R. WALTON, JR.,

BUSINESS MANAGER.

ITEMS:

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Of Fayette County.

FOR REGISTER OF LAND OFFICE,

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Of Nelson County.

THE OLD RUINS.

By ROSALINE REED.

The crumbling ruins so majestically stand.

Deserted and lone in the valley now stand;

On the massive arches still they cling,

Where the skyward rests its wearied wing;

While the howling hounds find sweet repose;

"Neath the sun thus by the streamside grows,

That sportive brook one glistening day

It peeped through a crevice, and finding a path,

Through the silent walls, with a ringing laugh,

It noiselessly hastened alone,

And its pebbles now lie smooth where many a throng

Has danced and sung, and the glad sounds show,

O'erneath once echoed those halts about;

But where are now the gay and gaudy?

The little birds still laugh merrily as before;

Yes, each has borne his home to-day,

And placed 'neath the faeries, with them to-day;

While the mourners that wept beside them sleep,

And no kinship is left for them to weep.

Not even the song of the birdlet sounds.

More sad as it fits o'er those tried minds;

When the little birds still laugh merrily as before;

To their play on the grass 'neath the ancient spruce,

Where each is a lord or lady at grand

As the proudest monarch of all the land,

And immeasurably richer, for doubt and care,

Set high on these objects that add to their gloom,

And in fancy most gaudy pictures gleam,

Adorned with them on some side of the sea,

Adorned with these objects that add to their gloom,

Ah! man of the world, as you slowly pass by,

And cause them to start at that mournful sigh,

Dipel those sweet little illusions of youth;

Far too soon, like you, they will learn of the truth,

And the little birds still laugh merrily as before;

And the silvery cloud not always near;

That the dreams of childhood are sweet by far

Than the pleasures of riches or glories of war.

FACTS FROM THE STATE AUDITOR.

The report of the State Auditor is always a most interesting document. It reveals with intolerable accuracy the evidences of either prosperity or adversity; the things of which we may be proud as well as the things of which we may be ashamed. Its columns of stalwart figures and its manifold aggregates are potentially suggestive of what may be reformed and what may be accomplished by a liberal and progressive policy. The report for the year ending October 10, 1878, is before us, and we will as rapidly as possible give a partial resume of its contents.

The total amount received from all sources into the Treasury during the last fiscal year was \$2,089,954.68; the balance on hand October 10th, 1877, was \$588,903.93, making \$2,678,858.61. The warrants paid by the Treasurer during the same period amounted to \$2,425,699.62, leaving a balance in the Treasury at the beginning of the current fiscal year of \$253,158.99. The estimate for expenses the present fiscal year is \$1,374,690, and the estimate of receipts from all sources is \$1,333,204.73, leaving an estimated deficit of \$41,485.27 on the 10th of October, 1878. The number of acres of taxable land is 24,316,268, and the net increase is 266,703 over the acreage of 1877. The valuation is reported at \$192,197,636, showing a decreased valuation of \$13,453,031. Value of town lots, \$75,464,406, a decrease of \$7,372,009 from 1877. Horses and mares, 366,061, valued at \$14,548,807; decrease in valuation, \$1,705,979. Mules, 109,171; decrease, 11,308; value, \$4,839,863; decrease, \$760,056. Cattle, 565,606; increase, 27,647; value, \$4,877,118; decrease, \$141,954. Carriages valued at \$1,436,997; decrease, \$115,306; gold and silver watches, \$1,928,302; decrease, \$203,544. The total property valuation in 1878 was \$354,019,676, showing a decrease of \$29,300,814, a depreciation of about eight per cent. The tax at forty cents on the \$100 amounts to \$1,416,708.70, a decrease of \$115,972.24 from 1877.

The number of white males over 21 years of age is 303,943, an increase of 9,000. The number of legal white voters is 297,922, an increase of 3,500. The number of legal black voters is 53,316, an increase of 1,200.

The number of children between the ages of six and twenty years is 409,719, an increase of 5,000.

The number of dogs (over two) reported is 930, but it is evident that these figures should be multiplied by 1,000 to get at the true number. There were 7,695 sheep, valued at \$22,602, killed by dogs in 1878.

The tobacco product foots up 181,484,630 pounds, an increase of 60,000,000 pounds. The hemp product

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WHOLE NUMBER 377.

Louisville Curiosities.

is reported at 13,542,838 pounds, an increase of over 2,000,000 pounds. The hog product was 173,242 tons, a decrease of 5,000 tons; the corn product was 58,308,707 bushels, a decrease of about 6,000,000 bushels. The wheat product was 7,452,832 bushels, an increase of about 2,500,000 bushels. The barley product was 490,153 bushels, an increase of 202,000 bushels. Pig metal was produced to the extent of 80,521 tons, an increase of 60,000 tons.

The statement of the property of negroes presents some very interesting features. There is credited to them 181,130 acres of land, (increase, 14,000 acres) valued at \$1,275,300; 5,995 town lots, (increase, 400) valued at \$1,288,155; horses and mares, 14,945, valued at \$466,584; mules, 4,103, valued at \$155,286; jennets, 72, valued at \$1,152; cattle, 7,639, valued at \$15,439; stores, 59, valued at \$13,910; "carriages" valued at \$7,992; watches valued at \$6,082. The total valuation of negro property is \$3,306,337, which would seem to be a very healthy amount of worldly goods owned and possessed by a class of citizens described by our Republican fellow-citizens as "persecuted," "deprived of every right," "slaughtered," etc., etc. We call the attention of the little sniveler of the Northern press to these facts. There is, indeed, much to be done in the negro's behalf in the way of providing education for him, as we shall show at some future time, but we believe matters are working in the right direction.

The negroes pay a tax of \$14,875.51; there are 54,49 black males over 21 years of age, and 53,316 legal voters; there are 50,275 children between six and twenty-one years old; the number of pounds of tobacco raised by negroes was 9,716,691; hemp, 209,925; hay, 546 tons; corn, 1,494,205 bushels; wheat, 146,802 bushels; barley, 1,485 bushels; bar iron, 826 tons.

There is a depressing item of interest in the tables which show that 725 idiots from the various counties, are supported by the State Treasury—Jefferson county being credited with 16; while Clinton has 19; Harlan, 18; Breathitt, 18; Clay, 23. The other features of the report we will cite and comment upon at another time, especially those relating to the school fund, the school children and the school revenues.

The decline in values is quite large in Kentucky, but we have only shared in the depreciation common to property throughout the whole country. We are not burdened with a State debt, but it would be better if we had some marked development of our great resources to exhibit in connection with the low State tax and freedom from public debt. Fully 60 per cent. of the lands of our State are in valuable timber, while the coal, iron and oil areas, yet undeveloped, is immense. We need capital to push into fastnesses and lift the vail which conceals our great natural resources. In the natural progress of events this must come in time; but there are fortunes to be made to-day by such investments as we speak of. We must not attempt to resist the categorical ought, generally obeyed by the Anglo Saxon race. [C. J.]

Bible Errors.

Here is a bit of information which will do for that conventional scrap-book which is the property of every well-regulated household. Many editions of the Bible have been published during the last 300 years, and into not a few of them some peculiar errors have crept. What is known as the "Breeches" Bible (Geneva, 1560), was so called because Genesis iii., 7, was translated: "They sewed fig leaves together and made themselves breeches," instead of "aprons," as in the English version now used. In the "Treacle Bible" (1568) Jeremiah viii. 22, was made to read, "Is there no treacle in Gilead," etc., instead of "balm," and in 1609 the word was changed to "rosin." "Balm" was first used in 1611. The "Vinegar Bible," printed in Oxford in 1717, by John Basket, derives its name from the heading of Luke xx., which was made to read, "The vinegar of the vinegar." The boy was much interested in the play, particularly those parts where the lovers embraced and kissed each other, which was quite often. Finally, at the close of an affecting scene, Araminta threw her arms around Augustus' neck and kissed him for about the twentieth time. Smart sonny turned to his father and said: "Pa, what do they do that?" "Do that, Charley?" "Why, that," said Charley, pointing to the tableau on the stage, "what makes 'em do that?" "Oh," replied pa, "they're in love and want to get married." Charley reflected a moment and then gladdened pa's heart thus: "Well, I guess that's what the matter with ma and the preacher, for that's the way she done him in the parlor the other day when you was gone away." Exit wise son and glad father.

I heard a rather amusing reply given on the other evening at a ball, by an American girl in London society who had strayed away from the ballroom. Her mother subsequently discovered her in a remote nook with a gentleman who had his arm around her waist, while she rested the tips of her pretty little fingers on his manly shoulders. "Daughter, what's all this?" exclaimed the irate mamma. Saucy cheeks looked up calmly and replied, "Mamma, allow me to introduce Capt. X. to you. I had promised him a dance, but I was so tired that I could not keep my word, and I am giving him a sitting waltz instead." [London Letter.]

"My schoolmaster," says Thomas Carlyle, "was a good Latin scholar, and of the human mind he knew this much—that it had a faculty called memory which might be reached by the muscular integument by the application of birchen rods."

Once on an evening dismal, I gave her a kiss paroxysmal, and called her name baptismal; precious Name I loved of yore. Ah, she was a darling creature, pert in speech and bright in feature, but egad you couldn't teach her, for she had been there before, and only murmured, "Buss me more!"

Do the Dying Suffer Pain?

People do not like to think of death. It is an unpleasant subject; but it is constantly obtruded itself, and there has been much speculation as to whether mental or physical pain attends the final act. Observation teaches us that there is little pain of either kind in dying. Experience will come to us all one of these days, but it will come too late to benefit those who remain. It seems to be a kind of provision of nature that as we approach the dread event our terrors diminish, and the coward and hero die alike—fearless, indifferent or resigned. As to physical pain, Dr. Edward H. Clarke, in "Visions," says: "The rule is that unconsciousness, not pain, attends the final act. Observation teaches us that the body when the spirit leaves it. Previous to that moment, and in preparation for it, respiration becomes feeble, generally slow and short, often accompanied by long inspirations and short, sudden expirations, so that the blood is steadily less and less oxygenated. At the same time the heart acts with corresponding debility, producing a slow, feeble and often irregular pulse. As this process goes on, the blood is not only driven to the head with diminished force and in less quantity, but what flows there is loaded more and more with carbonic acid gas, a powerful anaesthetic, the same as that derived from charcoal. Subject to its influence, the nerve centers lose consciousness, apparent sleep creeps over the system; then comes stupor and then the end."

Old Maids.

We knew the heart-histories of many old maids we should find them characterized by the purest pothos and life's most elevating discipline. Often does a woman remain single because she is faithful to an ideal. Perhaps some happy dream of girlhood was broken by death or estrangement—perhaps she has never met the man who fully realized her aspirations, and whom in perfect felicity she could feel herself able to love, honor and obey. Whatever men may think on the subject, that last word, "obey," has a grave meaning to thoughtful women, who, conscious of "a soul of their own," are a little terrified at what obedience may involve. Other women there are who are of gentle and more yielding natures who have formed an ideal which in real life is never approximately reached, though this class only desire to find the idol worthy of their adoration and obedience. At any rate, the woman who remains single rather than make "a half-hearted marriage" is worthy of all honor.

REFINED LANGUAGE.—Men and women should acquire in early life the habit of using good language, both in speaking and in writing, and also avoid the use of slang words and phrases. The longer they live the more difficult the acquisition of good language will be, and if the golden age of youth, the proper time for the acquisition of language, be passed in abuse, the unfortunate victim is very likely doomed to talk slang for life. Money is not necessary to procure education. Every person has it in his power. He has to use the language which he reads instead of the slang which he hears; to form taste from the best speakers and poets of the country; to treasure choice phrases in his memory and habituate himself to their use, avoiding at the same time that pedantic precision and bombast which show rather the weakness of ambition than the polish of an educated mind.

A gentleman not extremely given to pity was dismayed by being asked to say grace at a strange table. To refuse and explain, would be equally so. He chose the latter, and started off briskly enough with "Oh, Lord, bless this table"—Just here, being unused to the business, he nearly broke down, but by a gigantic effort pulled through with "Lord without end. Yours respectfully, amen."

These are the days when the good man of the Kentucky towns, who has been giving his pocket money for the last three months, directs his wife to pack his carpet-bag, with the explanation that "I calkerlate I'm boun" for to go to that Presbyterian meetin' at Louisville," and, with a wink at the hired man, "I wouldn't miss seen' them big guns, Rev. Trinidad and Lord Murphy, for a year's croppin'."

Two Kentucky maidens have open'd a blacksmithing shop, and it's an interesting sight to see mule blunsh when the girls accidentally tickle him while putting on his new shoes. [Philadelphia Chronicle.]

"My schoolmaster," says Thomas Carlyle, "was a good Latin scholar, and of the human mind he knew this much—that it had a faculty called memory which might be reached by the muscular integument by the application of birchen rods."

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We shake hands when we meet. The Gambier Islanders salute by rubbing noses. Either custom is absurd.

The possession of one virtue will save a man—the loss of one will ruin a woman.

Stonewall Jackson.

The widow of "Stonewall" Jackson says that no man has been more misunderstood than her husband. "He is represented," she asserts, "as having been stern, inexorable, and hard-hearted. He was just the opposite. He was as demonstrative, as affectionate and yielding as a woman. At home he was tender, playful, and loving. His wife lived hung around his home. He had no ambition—no love of power—no thought of place or pomp. His horror of bloodshed was instructive and powerful. He served his country from the sense of duty. He was passionately devoted to children. Our first child died, and my daughter was born only a few weeks before his death. He never took a day's furlough during the war; not even to come to see his child. Just before the battle of Chancellorsville, I took the little baby and went to see him. You should have seen what rapture he went into over that little girl's cradle. He had seen him kneel by her cradle for hours at a time, just gazing into her sleeping face." It was suggested that the letters to her during the war, would give many interesting points. "Oh, no," she said, a charming blush stealing over her face, while soft remembrances put in a new light in her expressive eyes, "they were all real love letters. He had little room for anything else in his letters home. And then he was a very prudent man and never talked of his plans to

The Interior Journal.

STANFORD, KY.

Friday Morning, May 30, 1879.

W. P. WALTON, - - Editor

Democratic Convention.

Next Monday the question as to who shall be the party's candidate for Representative in this county, will be decided in Mass Convention here. Mr. Ezra S. Gooch is the only avowed Democratic aspirant, and it seems to be the general desire that he should receive the nomination. He is a good man, thoroughly endorsed by the people of his section, and is sound in his political principles. Let every body turn out and give him or whoever shall be the nominee such an unequivocal endorsement as will put a quietus on the windy egotist, who makes it his business to run for office on every and all occasions.

Tom Green, of the Maysville Eagle, is out in a long card in the Courier-Journal in which he reiterates his charges of perjury, forgery and the mutilation of public records against Hargis, the recently elected Supreme Judge, and demands a legal investigation, promising that if he fails to make good his accusations that he will make "any apology, however abject, that Hargis may require, and publicly acknowledge himself a liar and a calumniator." The charges are too serious and the character of the man who makes them too well established to admit of them being ignored. They must be investigated, and if Hargis shrinks from it, the bar of Kentucky should see that the matter is thoroughly sifted. The highest tribunal of the State must not be disgraced by such a man as Hargis is bound to be considered, until he proves himself clear of the charges beyond the shadow of a doubt.

The result of the Ohio Republican Convention, which was held in Cincinnati on Wednesday, is the selection of Hon. Chas. Foster, for Governor on the first ballot, the vote standing—Foster, 280; Taft, 271. Andrew Hickenlooper was nominated for Lieutenant Governor; W. W. Johnson for Judge of the Supreme Court; Geo. R. Nash for Attorney General, and John F. Orglerie for Auditor. The nomination of Foster is a blow at the Grant faction and an endorsement of Sherman and Hayes. The platform is a flimsy concern, and starts out by appealing to the people to arrest the mad course of the party now controlling both branches of Congress. The Convention had been regarded as one of National importance, and wire-workers were present from all parts of the United States.

Hon. Walter Evans, Republican candidate for Governor, will speak at Monticello June 26th; Harrodsburg, July 7th; Danville, July 9th; Lancaster July 10th; Mt. Vernon, July 11th, and Somerset July 12th, but he does not so much as tarry for a moment in Stanford. This is evidence that his head is somewhat inclined to be level. He knows that it would be a waste of time and breath to try to convince our people that a party that has declared for test oaths, for bayonets at the polls and for every other principle in opposition to a government by the people is worthy of the least consideration of free men. Walter, old boy, you have acted wisely.

Col. J. Stoddard Johnston, President, announces that the Twelfth Annual meeting of the Kentucky Press Association will be held in Bowling Green, commencing Thursday, June 19. A varied and attractive programme has been arranged, including an excursion to Mammoth Cave, where the Kentucky editors will be joined at the Tennessee Press Association. Emmett Logan, who was to have been orator on the occasion, has backed out like a craven cur, but this will not prevent him from delivering several interesting little German discourses. May all of us be there to hear him.

To RE-ASSURE the many young ladies here and elsewhere who imagine they have peculiar claims on Mr. Emmett Logan, of the Courier-Journal, and who were shocked beyond measure at the announcement in some of the daily papers of his marriage, we hasten to publish this, his own denial: "The attempts of certain persons to marry off the editor of this column are just a little too previous. Be right still, boys; there's a hen on, but she doesn't intend to cackle till the mercury crawls down."

At the advice of his physicians, Wm. O. Bradley, Esq., Republican candidate for Attorney General, has withdrawn from the race. Mr. Bradley can stand a defeat by a couple of thousand or so with the greatest equanimity, but when he thought of Wat Hardin's probable majority of at least 100,000, it was no wonder he got sick. It was enough to make him.

Mal. Henry T. Stanton, of the Yeman, will deliver the poem at the Tennessee Press Convention at Gallatin on the 20th of June. All he will have to do will be to string together the pithy and pointed verses that have appeared in each issue of his paper and "crown" them himself on that occasion. The collection would make a volume worthy of the Poet of Poets.

Alf Burnett, the great face-maker, is making the ugliest face he ever did over a broken leg, which he was so unfortunate as to get by the fall of a platform in Cincinnati last week.

We learn that Henry Waterson goes back on his fiery article on Hendricks, in which he called him "a fool and a conspirator." He had looked too much wine that night while it was red, and it was the wine that dictated the red-hot article. Shame!

The Stalwarts are as mad as March hares over the results in Ohio. The Grant boom is weakening.

MARRIAGES.

We send congratulations to our friend, Will S. Marshall, Jr., of the Cumberland Courier on his recent acquisition of a better half.

BLEVINS-BRYANT.—On the 22nd, Mr. Elihu B. Blevins, of Pulaski, and Mrs. Belle Bryant, of this county, were made one flesh.

GRAGG-BURTON.—Yesterday at the residence of Mr. John H. Jones, Mr. Cyrene W. Gragg, a young druggist of Monticello, and Miss Wilhelmina Burton, sister of Mrs. Jones, were united in matrimony by Elder Joseph Ballou. The bride is pretty and accomplished, the groom is an energetic business man, and their prospects for happiness are bright and assuring. They left for Monticello by private conveyance immediately after the ceremony.

News Notes.

The University of Virginia has 365 students this session, many of whom are from Kentucky.

Maj. John Duncan has been nominated by the Democracy of Mercer, as its candidate for the Legislature.

One hundred and twenty thousand dollars worth of \$10 certificates were sold at the Cincinnati P. O. last Saturday.

The Committee of Ways and Means have recommended the 10th of June, as the day of adjournment of Congress.

The Danville Advertiser would like to have Bayard and Stevenson selected for the National standard bearers in 1880. Good ticket.

The President sent his message vetoing the legislative, executive and judicial appropriation bill to the House of Representatives yesterday.

The Yellow fever, or a disease closely resembling it, has broken out in Indianapolis, brought there, it is said, in the clothing of the negro ex-slaves.

Queen Victoria was 50 last Saturday, and the day was celebrated in grand style in England and the numerous other countries under her government.

Pie Walker, for many years a noted guide at Niagara Falls, was swept over the cataract this week and dashed into atoms.

Over \$36,000,000 of the \$40,000,000 of the \$10 certificates have been sold. They bear only four percent, and yet the people fight and cut each other to get hold of them.

Lightning struck the Oriental Powder Magazine at Chicago, Sunday, igniting 51,000 pounds of powder, and so completely demolishing the building as to leave nothing but a heap of ruins.

The war is not over in Breathitt. Andrew Carpenter, who was a witness against Little, was killed by an unknown party from ambush, and fears are entertained up there that this is but a forerunner of more bloodshed.

The Underwood war has broken out afresh in Carter county. Elsie and George Underwood have been shot dead, and from ambush, and Jesse, the outlaw, has raised the red flag and vows to avenge their deaths.

Wm. Lloyd Garrison, the pioneer abolitionist died in New York, Saturday night, aged 75. There was a time when he would have sent a thrill of gladness through a portion of this country, but no body cares whether the old man died or not now.

The graves of the Confederate soldiers at Cave Hill, were decorated with beautiful flowers by the loving and tender women of Louisville, Monday. Col. W. C. P. Breckinridge, delivered an oration which is spoken of as exceedingly touching and eloquent.

The brazen widow Oliver, who failed to levy blackmail on old Simon Cameron, by a breach of promise suit, entered the lecture field. She had a \$400 house at Pittsburgh, Pa., the other night, a sufficient proof of what kind of varmints inhabit that smoky city.

The Warner Silver Bill which provides that silver dollars shall be 412^{1/2} grains troy and fractions of a dollar in proportionate weight, that persons presenting bullion can it coined into such dollars at the difference in price between bullion and coin, that the mints shall run their full capacity if bullion is presented, or \$2,000,000 per month, and to make subsidiary silver coin a legal tender for twenty dollars and under, passed the House Saturday, by a vote of 114 to 97.

Since the formation of the Government has paid directly as pension \$535,368.727. Of this amount, \$55,489.64 has been paid since 1861, or for the soldiers and sailors of the late war. Since 1863, the annual pension bill has averaged \$30,000,000. On top of all this, last March there was an appropriation of \$25,000,000 for the arrears of pensions to soldiers on the rolls who have been taking the \$30,000,000 a year. These have been filed in the pension office 56,200 claims by pensioners already on the rolls for the benefit of the arrears act.

CAMP MEETING.—A party of Lancastrians went on Saturday to the Camp Meeting at High Bridge.

LITERARY CLUB.—The young gentlemen of our town are intent upon the laudable enterprise of forming a Literary Club.

FLOWERS.—The Hon. G. W. Dunlap, while on a business trip to the city last week, purchased over a hundred beautiful plants, among which is a rare Rhododendron in flower.

STAGE RIDER.—A ride to Little Britain on the Burdett-Walton stage was a delightful variation from the ordinary jog-trot of the journey. Prompt and brisk the coach skimmed the ground and landed us in the city exactly on time.

COURT-COUNTY.—About 200 cattle on the market could be of "hard times." Nothing but a thorough rain can now loosen purse-strings. Farmers shake their heads and look ominous. One yoke of oxen at \$60. The right of redemption to the rest of the team Wesley A. Brinkley, subject to the life term of Wesley A. Brinkley, was for \$20. There was a great crowd in town and the usual number of buggies blocked the public square.

S. S. REVIEW.—On Sunday afternoon a Sunday School Review at the Christian Church was greatly enjoyed. The recitation of the various subjects in the text, by Mrs. M. H. Owles' class, (taught by Miss Mary Williams, who is Master Conductor Granger's nursery governess); Mr. Tom Bush, Misses Maggie Dillion, Annie Robinson and Maria Cook. A touching song by Miss Jenny Johnston, with a chorus of little voices, was a pleasing feature. All of the performers were small children.

A few weeks since, W. H. Tomlinson was apprised of the criminal intimacy of his beautiful young wife (formerly Miss Jessie Buckner) with E. Stanley Bowman, her cousin, and drove her from his home. She went to her mother's at Egg Point, Miss., but Tomlinson grew lonely, and unable to bear the separation, wrote to meet her in Memphis, that all was forgotten and that he wanted her back again. She met him, and with the arts of a beautiful woman, convinced him that there was not the slightest grounds for his former accusation, and that he was a brute for ever harboring such opinions. These parties are well known in Mercer, where the recent scandal concerning them produced a decided sensation.

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BOLIVIA COUNTY.

DANVILLE.

BASE BALL.—At Georgetown, Friday, Danville, 29; Georgetown, 15.

GOOD RAIN.—This locality was blessed with a copious fall of rain about noon last Monday.

SHANNON.—The latest prodigy, Harry Shannon, "the boy orator," is billed for this place on the 29th.

ATROPHY 500 EXCURSION TICKETS.—To High Bridge, were sold at the depot on Saturday and Sunday.

DECORATION DAY.—The graves of the Federal soldiers in our Cemetery will receive appropriate honors on decoration day, May 30th.

LANCASTER CHURCH.—Mr. Alfred Lester has awarded the contract for building a new Presbyterian Church at Lancaster, at \$7,000.

DEATHS.—On the 29th, of heart disease, Frank Smith, in the 39th year of his age....Sunday morning at 9 o'clock, Martha Gentry, wife of Peter T. Gentry, aged 51.

IN JAIL.—George W. Taylor, the colored school-teacher and preacher, arrested in Stanford, recently, for falsely personalizing another, and obtaining thereby \$165 on a New York draft from the First National Bank of this place, waived an examining trial and was held in \$200 bail. The Sheriff succeeded in getting back \$125, sixty-five dollars of which, belonged to a Church in New York.

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IN JAIL.—George W. Taylor, the colored school-teacher and preacher, arrested in Stanford, recently, for falsely personalizing another, and obtaining thereby \$165 on a New York draft from the First National Bank of this place, waived an examining trial and was held in \$200 bail. The Sheriff succeeded in getting back \$125, sixty-five dollars of which, belonged to a Church in New York.

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The Interior Journal.

STANFORD, KY.

Friday Morning, May 30, 1879.

Amede, or the School Girl's Constancy.

A Scene of College Life.

By HON. ROBERT BLAIN.

Amede and Ethel met at the commencement of the next session, and the meeting was a pleasant one. They are found at their post of duty, and eager to complete their course of study that they might return to their homes from which they had been so long absent, except temporarily. In the discharge of their duties they were ever industrious, faithful and punctual.

Ofttimes they met in the lecture room in observations of the planets, had gathered at College Hill and made together telescopic observations, in a word, had formed a high opinion of each other, and as it were, grew fond of each other's company. A feeling of pure friendship existed, and though shy, and seemingly distant towards each other in company, there was a tie, tender and strong that united them, and which each felt and owned to themselves, but kept it in silence. But the time approaches which must sever these ties, or strengthen them. A separation is soon to take place. Their school days are about to end. The spell that hung over them is about to be broken. The chain that entwines itself around them must soon be dissipated, sunshine or sorrow is soon to fill the youthful heart. What thoughts pass through the mind—how fast palpitates the heart—how heaves the bosom when they look at each other. The eye tells the secret, the spell must be broken—and shall the feelings that exist between those young persons continue thus? Soon they must go forth to battle with the realities of life. "Come weal, come woe, I am resolved to test the opinion, the feeling of Amede towards me. The conflict must come. I am resolved to put it off no longer. I will seek her company for the entertainment that is to take place after the public examination as a fit occasion, if I do well, to meet her, and from her actions and conversation, I may learn her true opinion, and then I will know whether I shall ever be more a friend to her, or she to me. This suspense is hard to bear. Faint heart never won fair hand; she has ever treated me kindly, and is seemingly fond of my company," said Ethel.

The reader has seen the conduct of these young persons at the entertainment spoken of. A few weeks intervened between the examination and commencement. Ofttimes Ethel and Amede, with others, had roamed by the river side, and gathered fair flowers that grew upon the bank, plucking them to deck the hair, or casting the little pebbles into the water and watch the receding waves. And in these walks many were the conversations and tokens of kind regard, every hour adding interest and buoyancy to Ethel's hope. Suffice it to say, that the feelings were mutually kind and tender, and their company mutually agreeable. Their companions and friends observed and encouraged them.

A fine Summer evening took their accustomed walk by the riverside. They sought the moss-covered rock to enjoy themselves in sweet conversation for a while. They arose, she took his proffered arm, and walked to the edge of the stream, into whose clear waters they quietly looked. Ethel spoke: "This, perhaps, may be the last time we shall stand upon the bank of this pure stream. These waters remind us of our mountain home, and the little stream, Amede, of your own Virginia home, far away, constitutes part of the waters that are now passing by. When you, Amede, shall leave here, and go to that home, when you stand upon the bank of that little stream, or bathe your fair hands in its waters, will you think of him who now stands by your side, and wish him well? The color came upon her fair face and crimsoned her cheeks, She gently pressed his arm, and feelingly replied, "Why should I not? Why should I not think of you, and wish you well. I am reminded, it is true, of home, and long to be with parents there, and look again upon my childhood home, but there are friends dear to me that leave behind." She felt the pressure of his hand, and looked into his beaming eye to catch the words which fell from his lips. She felt the tears gathering, and asked that they would return to their companions and to the city. Leaving the river and casting a sad look upon scenes so dear, they silently, though sadly, retraced their steps, each heart beating quick and fast, too full for utterance. They reached the gate—he asked her company for a ride to the country on the morrow, she assented, and they separated, she promising to send him a note in the morning, as to the time and company for the trip.

Saturday morning came, clear and refreshing, not so warm as usual for the season. Early, Parson Jack, the messenger, came with the promised note, and sought Ethel's room, with his pleasant smile upon his countenance. The note explained, all was gladly received, and Jack rewarded.

All who were familiar with College life at the University many years ago, will remember good old Parson Jack, who had washing done for the students, and faithfully and promptly made his appearance on the Hill, with brush and box for the performance of his regular work, always a welcome visitor, and students gathered around him as he mounted the chair table for a rostrum, and with smiling countenance and polite manner, poured forth in excited declamation to the amusement of his applauding and edified hearers.

Preparations were made for the visit, and a happy party of young ladies and students were on their way to the country, to visit a school-mate of the young ladies, Miss Julia, at her home.

The drive was a pleasant one, and on the way, Ethel reminded Amede of their visit to the river the day before, and the question he had propounded, and which had not been answered. He again told her of his feeling, his attachment, and urged with all his youthful ardor, the sincerity of his heart, and the purity of his feelings for her. She listened, the pressure of the hand upon the arm spoke tenderly the feelings that words could not utter or define. Suffice it to say, she assured him that from their meeting at Montvale Springs, she had a high regard for him, and her feelings had been kind, and that time and acquaintance had increased that good opinion, but the question involved one of happiness or woe. We are young, and before assenting to a proposition of such importance, it is proper that I should delay an answer until I consult my parents. Assuring him again of her high regard for him, and promising an answer in a few days, as they were near the end of their journey, the conversation was turned to other subjects.

Soon they arrived at the home of the rosy-cheeked Julia, who came out fresh as the morning flowers, and merrily as the lark, with her parents, and welcomed the party to the hospitalities of the household. It was a welcome long to be remembered, and a day of pleasure—of play and ball, and all manner of sport that could make young hearts glad. Fruits and flowers, and all the luxuries of table and garden, and all the varieties that go to make up the feast, so bountifully prepared by doting parents, the day was passing away, and the declining sun admonished the party it was time to return to the city. Bidding Julia and her fond parents good-bye, they returned to the city delighted with their trip, and Ethel, especially happy that he had gone. To him the trip was truly pleasant. He fancied he had won the fair hand.

Ethel called a few days afterwards on his loved Amede, and with her once more went forth to take an evening walk, and returning, engaged her company to Church the following evening. Prompt at the appointed time, and on the way to Church he reminded her of his anxiety for an answer, she informed him she had heard from her parents, they urged her youth, and that she had been so long absent from them; plead the loss to them of her society, asked postponement, but finally, left much to her own feelings and judgment, hoping that she had age and discretion sufficient to make a wise choice, that her happiness was intimately connected with theirs. She assured him again, of her high appreciation of his worth—and hoped that the opinion they entertained for each other, would continue true and good—that if she knew her own feelings, she would ever be faithful and true to him, and that the future had in store them, peace and happiness, and when circumstances should bring around the proper time, that the ties that now bind them together would connect them more intimately. He pressed her hand, called her his own Amede, and then in the still night as they retraced their steps from the Church, with hearts beating with the anticipations of the future, they separated—their pathway was defined.

"They parted in friendship, their cheeks were wet With the tears of joy past controlling. They vowed they would never, never forget, And those vows at the time, were consulting."

Next day our two young friends, for the last time sought in a walk, their accustomed retreat by the riverside—and as they stood upon the banks, Amede's mind and thoughts were carried far away to that little mountain stream—to her parents, to her childhood home, and in her kind and affectionate manner, she could but ask, "will those bright hopes ever be ours?" Will those pleasant anticipations now indulged in ever be realized? More beautiful than ever, she seemed, no thought of sorrow, no idea of disappointment.

"Infant Mortality."—It is stated that 15 per cent. of all the children born die the first year. This results in Summer, largely, from improper food. It can not be made too widely known that the addition of a teaspoonful of common lime water, to be had at the druggists for a mere trifle, to each bottle of milk adapts cow's milk to the human constitution, and renders it perfectly digestible to either adults, invalids, or sucking infants. For the latter the milk should be diluted with tepid water and slightly sweetened with moist, not loaf, sugar. Besides the effect on the digestion, it may be assumed that the lime goes to the formation of the bones; hence children thus fed have none of that softness in their bones so painfully displayed in what is termed "rickets."

Young housewife: "What miserable little eggs again! You really must tell them, Jane, to let the hens sit on them a little longer!"

room he began to build air castles, and fairy dreams were his, will the sky of our hopes be ever clear and cloudless, or shall that future to which I look forward, be dark, and the rain bow of hope disappear—banish the thought. Look on the bright side and I will be served for every conflict. Do our duty and triumph is secured—

"The poorest treasure mortal times afford is transient reputation, that are not yet lost, are not yet blotted out or painted gray."

Ethel's mind was recalled back in thoughts to the sacred relations that bound him to his Amede, and as he thought of the pleasant hours spent with her upon the river bank and conversed with her upon the moss-covered rock, called the fair flowers, or cast the beautiful pebbles into the pure water, he remembered that once there stood upon Scotland's little stream, the sweet singing bard and his Highland Mary. And as they stood upon the banks of that historic stream, and bathed their hands in the pure water, emblematic of love, and pledged their hearts to each other, and separated, he to his home, and she to her mountain childhood home to prepare for the bridal day, little did the bard dream that this separation was to be with his Mary in Heaven, but such are oftentimes the realities of life. Shall such a fate ever be that of Ethel and his Amede? Shall the pathway now so beautiful, and along which the flowers bloom and shed their rich foliage around, and make sweet the air, ever be poisoned by the night-shade and mildew of blasted and disappointed hopes? Oh, memory, continue pleasant, and peace and purity be ours.

The exercises of the Female Seminary have closed, and Amede passed the ordeal with satisfaction to her friends. All admired the grace and beauty of her person, and the pleasant and satisfactory manner in which she discharged her every duty. Coming approaching. The morning, fair and cloudless, came, and all was excitement on the Hill. Attired in their neat dresses, with society-badges streaming, the lines are formed, and the procession, with banners, take up their march to the Church where the exercises are to take place. The house was already fast filling up with Alumni, parents and friends—the beauty, wit and intelligence were assembled. The music announces the entrance of the students.

The graduating class took their seats facing the assembled crowd. The choir chants a suitable hymn. The venerable President opens the exercises by introducing Rev. ——, who in one of his impressive prayers, invokes the blessings upon the occasion, upon the congregation, upon all who hear, upon the rising generation, and especially upon those young men, who this day are to sever their connection with the Institution in which they have been instructed with such parental care and attention. Go with them and protect and guide, and direct them in the paths of peace, lead them by Thy own Good hand thro' the valleys of life, and by the still waters, and in thine own good time, gather them as sheaves for the harvest.

The choir chanted an ode for the occasion, and the exercises begin. The young men delivered their orations with satisfaction to all, each one evincing deep study and elegance of diction. One remains. At the announcement of his name by the President, he arose and approached the front, near which his classmates stood, and with an elegance of manner, and purity of diction, his address at times arose in eloquence and pathos, that would have done honor to older and more experienced persons. At times uttering such sentences, clothed in such beautiful and flowing language that many a tear could have been seen in that vast assembly, and many a heart softened by the melody of the voice, and the tender language of the speaker. Suffice it to say, the exercises added another star to the wreath around the brow of their Alma Mater. He thanked the Trustees and Faculty for their kindness and attention to them in the past, and to them and to the venerable President who had watched over them with such parental care. Suffice it to say, the exercises added another star to the wreath around the brow of their Alma Mater.

At a wedding in South Carolina last month an incident occurred aptly illustrating social life in the United States. The bridegroom, who belonged to the "first Southern families," took exception to the phraseology of the officiating clergyman, and remarked: "You shouldn't say 'those who the Lord hath joined together, but 'them uns.'" The preacher, who prided himself upon the "high-toned" quality of his language, dropped his hand into the pocket of his surplice and interpolated: "You just paddle your own canoe, young feller, or your trouble'll begin sum'nuff. I'm runnin' this tea-party, I am—as I said afore, my beloved hearers—those uns whom the Lord hath joined together, but 'em uns." The preacher, who prided himself upon the "high-toned" quality of his language, dropped his hand into the pocket of his surplice and interpolated: "You just paddle your own canoe, young feller, or your trouble'll begin sum'nuff. I'm runnin' this tea-party, I am—as I said afore, my beloved hearers—those uns whom the Lord hath joined together, but 'em uns." Just then the bridegroom made a motion towards his hip, but, before he could draw, the minister fired from his pocket and the young man fell dead at his feet. Instantly the whole church was filled with blazing pistols. In less than five seconds the only persons that was left alive was the bride, who had ducked behind the pulpit early in the action. The half-married female gazed musically around, and remarked as she started for home, "These self-cooking revolvers is playing the mischief around here—and that's a fact!"—[San Francisco Post.]

"Scarred and swarthy was all he saw in her, As charætes leg, as pure as faust saw green."

What heart in loving one thus dear, so pure, whose mind was unsullied with the foibles of the world? arrogating to herself nothing but what she possessed; devoted to good, and her blue eyes shone and sparkled with the gems that evidenced the benevolent heart within, and would fate punish him for his devotion to such an object. All around seemed sunshine, and all beneath were flowers—the end of his hopes realized—his heart pained to her with the chain of interest and affection. He thought not of disappointment, and when he reached his

Man's Destiny.

It is a man's destiny still to be longing after something; and thus the gratification of one set of wishes but prepares the unsatisfied soul for the conception of another.

The child but a year old wants but little food and sleep; and no sooner is he supplied with a sufficient allowance of either of these very excellent things, than he begins whimpering or yelling, it may be for the other.

At three the young urchin becomes enamored of sugar plums, apple pies and confectionery.

At six, his imagination runs on kites, marbles and tops, and an abundance of playtime.

At ten, the boy wants to leave school, and have nothing to do but go bird-nesting.

At fifteen, he wants a beard, a watch and a pair of boots.

At twenty, he wishes to cut a figure and drive fast horses; sometimes his thirst for display is in dandyism, and sometimes in poetry; he wants sadly to be in love, and takes it for granted that all the ladies are dying for him.

The young man of twenty-five wants a wife, and at thirty he longs to be single again.

From thirty to forty he wants to be rich, and thinks more of making money than spending it. About this time, also, he dabbles in politics, and wants office.

At fifty, he wants excellent dinners and capital wine, and considers a nap in the afternoon indispensable.

The respectable old gentleman of sixty wants to retire from business with a snug independence of three or four hundred thousand, to marry his daughters, set up his sons, and live in the country; and then for the rest of his days he wants to be young again.

Sympathy and Justice Separated.

Recently a suit was tried before an Indiana Justice of the Peace wherein a lady was plaintiff, and a bank, defendant. The evidence showed conclusively that the fair plaintiff had no right to recover; of this no one could have the "shadow of a doubt." Her learned counsel knew well that unless he could get the sympathy of the "squire," his client would have a "lost cause." He therefore labored hard in applying the "sympathetic process." He gushed with eloquence of great warmth in referring to his client's rights, until finally great tears came trickling down his cheeks, at the sight of which the justice (who was a very tender-hearted individual) was also moved to tears. This satisfied the attorney that the sympathy of the court was in behalf of the lady, and he closed the argument by saying: "It does my heart good to believe that this honorable court, in the exercise of a sound discretion, will not allow the rights of a pure and noble lady to be trampled beneath the cloven feet of a soulless corporation," and took his seat, as confident that he would get a judgment as ever poor Miss Flite was.

Thereupon the squire rendered the following comprehensive and satisfactory decision. He said: "The plaintiff in this case is a woman, and her counsel has for the last hour touched the sympathy of the court in her behalf, and I am glad of it; but I think under the law, that the justice is on the side of the bank. I therefore will not favor in favor of the bank, and let the record show that Mrs. —— has the full sympathy of the court."—[Harper's Magazine for June.]

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